THE GREAT

Bill of Mortality:

OR,

The late dreadful PLAGUE at *MARSEILLES*, (of which, 'tis computed, above Eighty Thousand Persons have died,) Compared with that in *LONDON* in 1665, of which above One Hundred Thousand Persons died; sometimes Eight or Nine Thousand a Week; the Carts continually plying to fetch away the Dead Bodies, and the Carr-Men with a *Bell* in their Hands, crying,

Bring out your Dead! Bring out your Dead!

IN WHICH

You have a Particular Account of both those Dreadful Visitations; And, Likewise, a Description of the *DISEASE* it-self, in its first *Symptoms*, and *Fatal Consequences*.

Together with Plain and Easy *Directions*, how, both *Rich* and *Poor*, may prepare *Remedies* to Prevent it's *Infection*; And Effectually to Cure any Person when Afflicted with it.

NOTE, This TRACT is Collected from the Practice and Writings of those *Physicians*, who (by the Method herein Prescribed) had the Good Fortune to preserve the Lives of many Thousands, in the Time of that *Dreadful Pestilence* in LONDON, in 1665. And now made Publick for the Benefit of all Persons, of what Rank soever.

To which is added, a POEM, Exhorting the People of *ENGLAND* to a Timely Repentance.

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MArſeilles, (before this Dreadful Viſitation) was one of the moſt conſiderable Cities in *France*, and the moſt populous and trading Town in all *Provence*: It's recorded to have been built upwards of Six Hundrd and Thirty Years before the Birth of our Saviour. As to the Inhabitants, the poorer ſort eſpecially, they are very uncleanly, feeding chiefly on Fruit, Herbs, Roots, *&c.* which are but weak meagre Fare; nor do they take any Care for to cleanſe the Streets and Alleys where they inhabit; and conſidering what great Numbers of them are oblig'd to crond into one Houſe, in the midſt of ſo much Naſtineſs, one would think it alone ſufficient to poiſon and corrupt the very Air.

This Mortal Diſtemper, the *PLAGUE*, wherewith this City has been thus viſited, was unhappily brought among us by a Ship from *Sydon*, (a noted Town near *Tyre*, in *Aſia*, as mentioned in the *New Teſtament*) which came into our Road the 15th of *June* laſt: The Porters firſt employ'd in opening her Cargo were immediately ſeiz'd with violent Pains in the Head, reaching to Vomit, and a general Faintneſs all over their Limbs and Bodies; and in 6 or 8 Hours time *Bubo's* and *Plague Sores* began to riſe, of which they died in three Days. Thoſe that ſucceeded them were taken and died in the ſame manner. Upon this, all the noted Phyſicians and Chyrurgeons were ſummoned together by the Magiſtrates, to conſult the Nature of the Diſtemper, who all agreed that it was really the *Plague*. However, proper Care was not immediately taken; for, inſtead of burning the ſaid Ship and Goods (which ought to have been done) the Goods only were remov'd to a deſart Iſland, call'd *Jarre*, 2 Leagues off, where all thoſe that went to air them died ſuddenly of the ſame Diſtemper. Several Officers belonging to the Ship were admitted to come into the City, and the Sailors brought abundance of Goods on ſhoar by ſtealth, by which means a conſiderable *Mortality* ſoon began to ſpread in that part of the Town where they lodg'd. Notwithſtanding all this, proper Care and Remedies to prevent its Fatal Conſequences, were ſtill neglected 'till the beginning of *Auguſt*, by which time the Number of the Infected

was

was too great for the Hoſpitals to contain, and they began to die 2 Thouſand in a Day.

The Infection now being ſpread into all Parts of the City, runs from one Family to another like *Wild-Fire*, ſo that 20 lie often dead at once in a Houſe: And the worſt of all is, that they cannot be Buried, but lie in the Houſes or Streets many Days, which are full of dead Bodies and Bedding. 27 Carts appointed to carry them out, not being ſufficient.

The Magiſtrates have been aſſiſted with 500 Galley Slaves to clear the Streets of the Dead; yet there are ſtill above 3000 dead Bodies that lie about the Streets unburied, which cauſe an intollerable Stench. And 'tis computed, that (in all) about 80,000 are dead of the *Plague*, 2 Thirds of which are obſerved to be Women, moſt of 'em with Child, who died of the Infection after Miſcarriages or Lying-in, purely for Want of Help. In ſhort, the Calamity is ſo bad, that the Poor can hardly get even Water, becauſe none will go near them. The rich and able are gone into the Country with all Manner of Proviſions, and there is not a Church or Shop left open. So that we, who were but 4 Months ago in ſo flouriſhing a Condition, are now overwhelm'd with Miſery.

Bread, Wine, and other Neceſſaries are very ſcarce, and conſequently ſo dear, that People of even the beſt Conditions, have enough to do to ſubſiſt. Nay: And what is ſtill very remarkable, There are no Birds ſeen in the Air, ſeveral attempting to Fly over the Town falling down Dead, as ſoon as they have reached the Peſtilential Air. (A moſt terrible Infection!)

Our Phyſicians have omitted nothing in this Caſe, that they thought proper, whether *Cordials*, *Sudorificks*, *Cathartick*s, or *Emeticks*, but had no Succeſs no more than they had in Bleeding, after which not one recovered; for they die as well with Remedies as without, their utmoſt Skill not being able to ſave them. And the *Plague* Sores can hardly be brought to ſuppurate.

To conclude: This Diſtemper, which at firſt carried off the infected in a few Hours, begins to relax in Point of Time, many living 6 or 7 Days, but ſtill they die at laſt, one very rarely eſcaping. So that we have true Cauſe to ſay, *Lord have Mercy on us*, and deliver us from this terrible Scourge.

We are obliged to take Condemn'd Crimals out of the Priſons to bury the Dead; and notwithſtanding the General Conſternation, there are ſome People ſo hardened that they carry off the Cloaths of the Deceaſed in hopes to find Jewels, or Money.

Quid non Mortalia pectora cogis Auri ſacra Fames!

THUS far of the miſerable Town of *Marſeilles*. Now to enter upon ſome proper Conſiderations, both for Preſervation, and Cure of the Diſtempter it ſelf. The *Plague* is a continual malignant burning Fever, proceeding from Putrifaction of the Spirits and Humors, and Venomous Inſects, &c. They who are infected are Cold without, Hot within, Heavy, Weary, and Lumpiſh: Have great Pain in the Head, Careleſneſs and Sadneſs of the Mind, with Sleepineſs, loſs of Appetite, Thirſt, Vomiting, Bitterneſs and Dryneſs of the Mouth, the Pulſe frequent, ſmall, and deep, Urine thick and of an offenſive Smell, with Blotches (in this Diſtemper called Buboes) behind the Ears, under the Arm Pits, or in the Groin: Or elſe Blew, Reddiſh, Black, or Livid Spots about the Body.

A not improbable cauſe of the *Plague* is This: 'Tis the Nature of All Putrid and Corrupted Bodies to tend more or leſs to a New State of Vitality and Life: Thus Rotten Cheeſe, Stale Meat, and other ſuch Putrid and Corrupted Bodies, are viſibly perceived by Mr. *Leeuwenhoecks* Microſcope, to abound with vaſt Numbers of Animals, Inſects and Maggots: And Experience daily ſhews, that Sweat and Naſtyneſs engenders Lice, Buggs, Fleas, and other Vermine. This being thus eſtabliſhed, it follows from the ſame Principles, that Corrupted Foul Vapours, Exhalations and Effluvia, proceeding from Putrid Naſty Places or Bodies, will turn into, and produce in the Air, prodigious Numbers of Venomous Inſects and Animals, ſufficiently capable of cauſing thoſe direful Depredations on Mankind, called The *Plague*.

And hence ariſes the Common Saying, That Such or Such Corrupted Bodies, Ill Smells, &c. are enough to breed a *Plague*. Now All Breeding imports and tends to the Giving of Life: and therefore theſe Venomous Peſtilential Inſects and Animals, ſwarming thus in the Air, thicker than Motes in the Sun (where ever a Peſtilential Diſtemper rages) ſcatter about their Eggs in prodigious Quantities wherever they are, as all other Inſects do.

Now theſe Peſtilential Animals with their Eggs being drawn and ſucked into our Bodies along with the Air we breathe, attack and prey upon a human Body, as Grubs and Worms in a Garden devour, corrode, and deſtroy all they come near. And in this (not improbably according to *Kircher*) conſiſts The *Plague*.

But if any Perſon diſlikes this Opinion (of *Kircher*) and prefers rather that of Dr. *Mead*, Dr. *Hodges*, and others, who attribute the *Plague* to a Putrefaction of the Nitrous Spirits in the Air, which thereby communicate venomous *Miaſmata* and *Effluvia*;

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the Anſwer is, that in ſo intricate a Thing as the Cauſe of the *Plague*, in true Reaſoning, is no more than meer *Gueſs-Work*; yet it muſt ſtill be allow'd, that Philoſophers and Phyſicians muſt needs penetrate into the Cauſes, as well as Cures, of that dreadful *Malady*: The Deſign then of this little Tract being chiefly to Inſtruct People how to help themſelves, (if it ſhould pleaſe God to viſit them with the ſame;) obſerve ſtrictly what follows:

The *Plague* is always dangerous; but if no *Buboes* come out, or if they appear and go in again, or Spots appear of a Livid or Black Colour, the Danger is ſtill the greater. But *Blotches* and *Buboes* the farther they riſe from the Heart the faſter they grow, and are much ſooner ſuppurated and reduc'd, and the Afflicted in leſs Danger. Of which the great *Barbet* thus Reaſons:

The French, Italians, Spaniards and Portugueſe, *are great* Blood-Letters, *and ſo to keep up their darling Faſſion will be againſt me: But ſince the Nature of all Poiſon and Venomous Humours is continually to aſſault the Heart, and ſuddenly to proſtrate the Strength of the Youngeſt Perſons, and ſince Bleeding does both, by not only diminiſhing Strength, but alſo by drawing the Malignity towards the Heart, driving in again (for the oppreſſing of Nature) what ſhe had before thrown out for her Relief; I do intreat* (ſays this Author) *all Phyſicians, that they would beware of Bleeding in Peſtilential, or other malign Fevers, as alſo in all Caſes which may befal by Poiſon, either Inward or Outward.*

FOR Prevention of the *Plague*, Perſons ought to avoid Handling any Thing wherein the Eggs and Seeds of it may lie, ſuch as Quilts and Coverings, wherein ſuch as have had the *Plague* have lain; as alſo all Leather Things, Cloaths and Hangings. Perſons ought alſo to dwell far from, and avoid Burying Places, Shambles of Fleſh and Fiſh, Dyers, Tallow-Chandlers, Farriers, Skinners, Dunghills, Privies, ſtinking muddy Waters, cloſe and putrified Airs, offenſive Smells, *&c.*

As alſo the Company of Nurſes, Grave-makers, Searchers and Bearers, who altho' they have not the *Plague*, yet may carry the infectious Seeds and Effluvia thereof in their very Cloaths.

Perſons ought alſo to avoid any Thing that may over-heat, inflame, or cauſe a Fever, by which means the Pores being opened, the Habit of the Body is made more apt to receive the Peſtilential Effluvia. Thoſe Perſons who viſit and attend the ſick, ought to turn their Faces as much as they can from their Breath; to avoid the Steams of the Bed, or the Vapours ariſing from any Bubo or

Plague

Plague Sore: to view them with what ſpeed may be, to waſh their Hands after touching the Sick, and to make as ſhort a ſtay as well they can in the Houſe. A good clear Fire ought to be always kept in all the Rooms of the Houſe, and which Rooms alſo ought to be perfumed, by burning Juniper Wood, Juniper Berries, Gums, Roſin, Pitch, Tar, and ſuch like. This done:

'Tis now to little Purpoſe to preſcribe either very chargeable Medicines, or vaſt Numbers of Drugs and Ingredients, which are hard to come by, in any Medicine for the *Plague*, in which every Body is in ſuch a Conſternation and Amazement, that ſcarce any Thing at all is to be had, and eſpecially for the poorer ſort of People. As therefore the Chargableneſs and Multiplicity of Drugs ſeldom recommended any Medicine at any Time whatſoever, ſo much leſs in this dreadful Calamity: And therefore Simple, Feaſable and eaſily Prepared Remedies, and eaſy alſo for every one to come by, are the propereſt at this time, and Such only ſhall be recommended in this Book, which is principally calculated for the Aſſiſtance of thoſe whoſe ſtraitneſs of their Circumſtances makes them ſtand in the greateſt Need of Help. The following Drink was the Great Medicine by which ſuch Numbers were Cured of, and Preſerved from the Infection in *London*, in the Year 1665.

TAke 2 Quarts of Canary (if you cannot get Sack, take Claret, or any other Wine: Poor People may make it of Good Beer) *put into it of Rue and Sage of each, one good Handful. Boil theſe together in a Pipkin cloſe covered, 'till about a Pint is boiled away, then ſtrain it off, and ſet it over the Fire again, and put into it one Dram of Saffron, One Dram of Long Pepper, Half an Oune of Ginger, and two good large Nutmegs, all well beaten together. Then let it boil a quarter of an Hour, take it off the Fire, and diſſolve in it of Mithridate and Venice Treacle of each a full Ounce: and keep it cloſe ſtopt for Uſe*

This Thing is that Great Secret which the College of Phyſicians (in their Directions for the *Plague*, that they publiſhed by expreſs Order of the King and Council in the Great Sickneſs Year 1665,) ordered Perſons to make uſe of, and by which ſuch vaſt Numbers were Preſerved and Recovered. Nay a certain Phyſician who ſtaid in *London* during the whole Sickneſs, and conſtantly viſited the Infected, and conſequently was an Eye-Witneſs of the diſmal Tragedy, then Acted, poſitively aſſerts, that none that took of it Died. Every Family then ought in any Viſitation of the *Plague* to look upon This as an ineſtimable Jewel, and therefore it is here candidly Publiſhed without any Reſerve for the General Good, that every

Body

Body may Know how to make it, and thereby be able to help themſelves and their Family in a time of ſuch Publick Calamity, Diſtreſs, Affliction, and Tribulation, as the *Plague* is; and wherein if Perſons do not know how to help and aſſiſt themſelves, they will moſt certainly Periſh, Death being unavoidably at their Door, and No Perſon dares come to aſſiſt them.

Take of this every Morning and laſt every Night 3 or 4 Spoonfuls, for Preſervation: But if a Sick Perſon takes it, you may give near a Quarter of a Pint or more at a Time, putting them to Bed, to Sweat well upon it. For in Peſtilential Fevers, the univerſal Motion of Nature being towards the Skin, this Motion the Phyſician is to aſſiſt, by ſuch Things as force Sweating: And alſo for this Reaſon care muſt be taken not to evacuate too much by Stool, no more than by Bleeding.

As the Sweat ariſes, and is protruded thro' the Skin, it muſt be wiped off. And whatever things have been uſed about the Sick, either throw them preſently into ſcalding hot Water, Or burn them. This juſt now mentioned Liquor moſt powerfully fortifies the Vitals, and by Sweat (which is the only Way of Curing the *Plague*) throws out the Malignity of the Diſeaſe.

The Sweat muſt be repeated and continued as long as the ſick can well endure it. During the Sweat, and between whiles, give the Sick Mutton or Chicken Broth, or Poſſet-Drink, with Plenty of Sage, boiled in it.

THoſe Perſons who have not this Drink, muſt take the Quantity of a very large Nutmeg Morning and Night of Venice-Treacle, (of that ſort hereafter mentioned) diſſolved in Canary (or warm Ale for Poorer People) By this Method Another Phyſician, who ſtaid alſo in *London* during the whole time of the Great *Plague*, and conſtantly viſited the Sick, ſays, that He then Cured in *London* above 1000 Perſons actually infected with the *Plague*, the Sick being in Bed and Sweating well upon it: And until about 2 Sweats are undergone, 'tis not adviſeable to Sleep. This is alſo a moſt excellent Remedy, and by Reaſon of the Volatile Parts that are in it, it penetrates into, and defends every Part from Infection.

Let the Perſon Sweat well upon it 5 or 6 Hours, or more, as the Sick can bear it; and let it be repeated again for at leaſt four Days, letting the Patient, when out of the great Sweat, yet lye in a kind of a breathing Sweat, and now and then moiſten their Mouths with the Juice of an Orange, or ſome pleaſant Cordial Julep, made gratefully Acid with Oil of Sulphur. This *London*

Treacle (which now all Apothecarys ſell) is that great Secret with which ſuch Numbers of People were ſaved and reſcued from the Jaws of Death, and cured in that dreadful Viſitation in *London*, in the Year 1665.

Nay, this Phyſician goes farther yet; and ſays, That to the beſt of his Remembrance, not one Perſon died to whom he gave it, when others, who had not taken it, lay dead in the ſame Room. Cupping Glaſſes and Bliſters are very uſeful where any Tumour or Swelling appears, to draw out more powerfully the Venom. Sheeps Lungs apply'd to any Part are excellent drawers of Venom and Malignity. The above-mentioned Mr. *Dixon* apply'd to all Plague Sores this Pultice:

Take common Salt, grounded fine in a Morter, Mithridate and Figs, of each two Ounces; Caſtile *Soap, ſliced thin, a quarter of a Pound; with Oil of Lillies enough to make it as ſoft as Ointment; beat them well together in a Morter, and apply them to the Part.*

If the Sick be thirſty, give Drink of a reaſonable Strength, heated as hot as they can well drink it, and let not the ſick Perſon languiſh with Thirſt, which is very ill done.

The richeſt Sort may drink moderately of good fragrant generous Wine, and Cordial Waters; but all cold and ſmall Beer is to be avoided. After a Sore is op'ned by Cupping, Lancet, or otherwiſe, apply a ripening and drawing Pultice, made of a large Onion, hollowed, and fill'd with *Venice Treacle*, and roaſted in the Embers 'till it is ſoft. If the *Plague* begins with Vomiting, you may give a Vomit firſt to take away the Recrements of the firſt Paſſages: And then Sudorificks are to follow. Thoſe who like not Mr. *Dixon*'s Sudorificks, above-mentioned, may ſafely take this following:

Take Powder of Vipers 1 *Scruple*; *Bezoar Mineral* 16 *Grains*; *Cochineal* 12 *Grains*; *Saffron* 10 *Grains*; *Volatil Salt of Amber* 8 *Grains*; Mix all together, and with *Mithidate* make a Bolus for 4 Doſes, to be given one every 6 Hours, and repeated the next Day, or oftner, if requiſite. When the Sweat begins, it muſt be promoted with repeated Draughts of Sage-poſſet, or Beer, boiled with a little Mace in it: Continue this Method for at leaſt the ſpace of 24 Hours (if the Sick can bear it); and in the mean while ſome comfortable Broths for Refreſhment may be allowed.

Mr. *Dixon* gave during the Sweat, inſtead of bare Poſſet-Drink, this following, with great Succeſs (and which indeed is much

much better): *Take the Leaves of Carduus, and Scabious, and of Bur-Roots, of each 4 Ounces; of Poſſet-Drink, or Water-Gruel, 3 Quarts: Boil all together about half an Hour over a ſlow ſimmering Fire, ſtrain it off, and let the Sick take it as ordinary Drink.* With this Drink, he cured great Numbers that were infected, who by drinking largely of it, were often-times cured in 24 Hours, when nothing but Death was expected; this Drink effectually encountering with the Poiſon. During the great *Plague* in *London*, to great Numbers of the common and poor People this was ſucceſsfully given. *Take common Salt-Petre 4 Scruples; Flower of Brimſtone 1 Scruple; Saffron and Cochineal of each 6 Grains: All being in fine Power mixt for a Doſe.* This was repeated Morning and Night ſo long as need required, and of ſome Thouſands to whom it was given, hardly one died.

And here it may be noted, of what great Power and Force *Salt-Petre* and *Brimſtone* are, in reſiſting the Poiſon and Malignity of the *Plague*, and all peſtilential Venom: For *Salt-Petre* does not only by it's own proper Virtue allay all preternatural Heats, and extinguiſh every kind of Fever; but alſo, by its Purity, and a peculiar *ſpecifick Power*, it reſiſts all kind of Putrifaction, and deſtroys the Effect of the greateſt Venom, by quelling all ſorts of putrid Fermentations. As for *Brimſtone* (or *Sulphur*) how far that contributes to the ſame End fully appears from its Effects, in ſtopping, almoſt in a Moment, the violent Career of the ſtrongeſt *Salivations*, which the ſtrongeſt Purges, nor even Opium itſelf, will not do: And in any outward ſharp or ſaline Fermentation of the Juices, as in the *Itch* or *Leproſie*, it out-does all other Things; and therefore it is highly adviſeable, that during the time of any Perſon's Affliction in the *Plague*, take due Care to ſharpen whatever you give them to drink with a few Drops of Oil of *Sulphur*.

The *Plague* at *Marſeilles* is of ſo particular a Nature, that it has been propoſed in the Council of *France* to Burn the whole City, as well to cleanſe and purify the Air of thoſe venomous Inſects which cauſe the Infection, as to put an End to the Contagion it-ſelf. A terrible Remedy! But deſperate Diſeaſes muſt have deſperate Cures.

It appears by the Opinion of the Phyſicians, that *Marſeilles* might not have been ſo eaſily Infected, if its Buildings did not too much reſemble thoſe in *London* when the Peſtilence reign'd there; at which time many of the Streets were ſo very narrow, that the Garrets by jetting out almoſt met, by which means the Stench and

Air being pent up, had not room to aſcend and be rectified as it ought; ſo that by comparing the *Plague* at *Marſeilles* with that of *London* in 1665, they are much the ſame. And there is this to be Remark'd of *London*, That the Year following the City hap'ned to be Burt down, but by what Accidents or Villany was never yet known; however, there is this to be ſaid, that when the ſame was Re-built, they wiſely obſerv'd to make the Streets wider, and the ſame has prov'd Healthy ever ſince, which is now 56 Years ago; ſo that Conflagration may be accounted more Providential than Fatal, by reaſon its Flames ſo Purified the Air, and ſo entirely Deſtroy'd thoſe Infectious Inſects engender'd therein, as to render it one of the Healthieſt Climates in *Europe*, conſidering its Magnitude.

The uſual Diet of the People in *London* in thoſe Days were not ſo Strengthening and Nouriſhing as now; we have plenty of comfortable Liquors now, which were not in vogue then; when among the good Women a Glaſs of Sack was accounted the only Sovereign Cordial under all Ailments and Indiſpoſitions; inſomuch, that if Sack would not do, 'twas thought nothing would. Twas obſerv'd in the time of the Sickneſs, that hardly any were Infected who ſmoak'd Tobacco, eſpecially in a Morning. Chewing Tobacco indeed is an indecent Practice, but thoſe who can away with it will find it of ſervice where that Peſtilence reigns. For the Smoak of the Pipe, and the Breath of the Perſon chewing, being impregnated with the more volatile Particles of the Herb, deſtroys in a particular manner the venomous Inſects (which cauſe the *Plague* in the Air) ſurrounding the Perſon.

All fragrant ſweet Herbs, ſuch as *Lavender*, *Time*, *Sage*, *Rue*, *Sweet-Marjoram*, and other ſuch *Aromaticks*, were found of great Service in the Plague-Year in *London*; and theſe Herbs are to be rubb'd between the Fingers and Hands, or bruis'd and ſmelt to; whoſe Fragrancy will diſperſe thoſe infectious Inſects that hover in the Air about a Perſon to lodge their Eggs, which cauſe the *Plague*.

It may not be amiſs here to Remark, that the above-mention'd Herbs are rarely or never deſtroy'd by Inſects, ſuch as Grubs, Caterpillers, *&c.* whilſt all other Herbs in the Garden ſhall be even eat up and devoured by them; which is a plain Demonſtration of their Averſion even to the very Smell of them. And on this Account it is, that the ſmoaking and burning of theſe Herbs, as alſo of fragrant Gums, and aromatick ſpicy Woods, are ſo much recommended in time of ſuch Peſtilence and Infection.

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As for the meaner ſort of People, whoſe Diet are ordinary, and who live in Alleys, Lanes, and narrow Streets, full of Stench and Naſtineſs, where the Air has no Power to purify it-ſelf, they are more liable to the Infection; and at the ſame time unable to procure proper Remedies to preſerve their Lives. What a dreadful Caſe is this!

Agreeable to what has been ſaid, are the Obſervations made by Phyſicians, during the great *Plague* in *London*, *viz.* That where the Streets were broad and airy, and where there were Warehouſes of Spices and fragrant Gums, Roſin, Camphir, Pitch, Tarr, Frankincence, and ſuch like Drugs, the Infection was not near ſo great, as in thoſe narrow Confines.

It may be here likwiſe obſerv'd, That the burning a ſmall quantity of thoſe Herbs and Gums is of much more Effect, and purifies and ſweetens the Air much better than a much larger quantity kept in Bulk or Drawers within a Houſe. This fully appears in the ſmoaking only a Pipe of Tobacco, which will ſcent a whole Room, when a Hundrd Weight unburnt may hardly be ſmelt.

As for Perſons that are oblig'd to attend Buſineſs Abroad, before they go forth in the Morning let 'em ſmoak a Pipe of Tobacco; but if that prove too ſtrong to thoſe not us'd to it, you may mix it with *Bittony*, and other fragrant Herbs. They that cannot ſmoak at all, may eat Bread buttered and Garlick, or Rue, or Bread dipt in Vinegar; or you may chew Tobacco, Lemon or Orange Peel, which ſo affect and impregnate the Breath, as to reſiſt the Approach of thoſe Venomous Animals flying about in the Air, which cauſe the Infection of the *Plague*.

A very good Breakfaſt in a Morning, for ſuch as can afford it, is Bread rubb'd over with Garlick or Rue, (but better if eaten,) or Sage lain on it, drinking a Glaſs of Sack after it. The meaner ſort may make themſelves a Drink, by putting 6 or 7 Cloves of Garlick, a Handful of Sage, and the Rind of a whole Lemon, into Two Quarts of common Beer; and ſo they make a larger Quantity: Let this ſtand always, and draw it off as you drink it. Sage being alſo a noble Thing in the time of a *Plague*; and doubtleſs, it was not without Reaſon that ſuch a great *Encomium* is given of it by the Ancients, as even to wonder that People ſhould die where plenty of Sage grows.

Dr. *Bonet*, an eminent Phyſician at *Geneva*, pag. 205. ſays, that when he every day viſited many that were ſick of the *Plague*, he took nothing but a Spoonful of Vinegar ſoaked in the Crumb of Bread for prevention ſake, and in the Morning again before he

viſited his Patients, he uſed this Remedy for 8 whole Months, and he never perceived any Infection for the whole time; But when upon the *Plague*'s ſeeming to abate, he left off taking of Vinegar, he ſays, that he found a little Head-ach come upon him, when ever he entered an Infected Houſe. Hence he conſtantly adviſed People to ſmell often to a Spunge dipt in Vinegar, the Poiſon of the *Plague* being, as he ſays, particularly Hit and reſiſted by it.

To ſum up both the Calamities of *London* and *Marſeilles* together, they appear equally the ſame, as to the Mortality and Deſolation: The Streets are filled with Dead, and Dying Perſons crying out for Help, but none comes near them: Carts are continually carrying off the Dead, who are buried together in Heaps like Dogs, without any Church-Ceremony: The moſt Intimate Friends are affraid of and abandon each other, and every one is left to die alone: Cloaths, Goods, and all other valuable Things, are committed to the Flames: No Divine Service is any where celebrated (at *Marſeilles*,) the Churches being all ſhut, and their Clergy all dead: No Trade or Commerce: No Communication permitted on pain of preſent Death, but whole Families Barr'd and Lock'd up to Die and Periſh by themſelves: If any offer to fly into Neighbouring Territories they are ſhot Dead on the ſpot.

To conclude then: As GOD can eaſily baffle the Arts of the moſt Experienced and Able Phyſicians, and render the moſt Sovereign Remedy of no Effect; and whereas this woeful Diſtemper ſeems in a peculiar and ſpecial Manner to be ſent by Him, to puniſh a guilty City, Nation, or World; ſo the beſt Advice which can be given, is, to cleanſe and purifie our-ſelves from the Plague of SIN; to humble our-ſelves before GOD, earneſtly depricate his Wrath; and make a ſincere and thorough Reformation of our Lives; for then we may have Hopes that he will turn from his fierce Anger, and his Angel (which peradventure may have ſtretched his Arm over our Nation to deſtroy us) to hold his Hand. But this Direction I leave to be enlarged upon by ſome good Phyſician of Souls.

IN the great *Plague* in *Rome*, in the Year 1656, the Phyſicians and Surgeons when they viſited the Sick put on a particular Habit, which was not of Cloth or Wool, wherein the poiſonous Effluvia might eaſily ſtick, but of Linnen, not rough but ſmoothed

over

over and Glazed, that no Infection might ſtick upon it: And this Habit they preſently put off after they had done viſiting the Sick. They had alſo a Mask covered with Wax all over their Face and their Head too, that their Hair might not take the Infection, with Glaſſes before their Eyes. And with theſe Precautions they viſited their Sick.

Zwelfer, an Eminent German Phyſician, Pharmacop. pag. 614. tells us of a certain great Phyſician in *Moravia*, who ordered Perſons to wear a Dried Toad about their Necks at a time when the *Plague* raged moſt violently in the City. And of all thoſe Perſons who only thus wore it about their Necks, he poſitively affirms, that none died. Theſe are his own Words.

All Perſons that are willing to provide againſt the Time of the Approach of this Dreadful Peſtilence, (which may the Lord preſerve this ſinful Kingdom from) let them lay in a Quantity of the Right *London*, or *Venice Treacle*, or *Mithridate*; *Garlick*, *Onions*, *Roſemary*, *Lavender*, *Majorum*, *Time*, *Tobacco*, *Bittony*, *Rue*, *Sage*, *Lemons*, *Seville Oranges*, *Saffron*, *Pitch*, *Roſin*, *Gums*, *Vinegar*, *Canary*, *Oil of Sulphur*, and the like, with which, following the afore Recited Directions, you may prepare all manner of Medicines, Drinks, and Juleps, as well to prevent the Infection, as to preſerve and Cure thoſe that may happen to be Afflicted with it.

When any of your Family is attacked with any Symptoms of the Diſtemper, preſently put them to Bed, and give them out of Hand the Quantity of a large Walnut of your *Venice* or *London* Treacle: (Or if you have not of theſe, then give them Mithridate,) diſſolved in a little Sack or warm Ale: Repeat this twice a Day at leaſt, till the Sweat comes well out. Cover them up very warm and cloſe that they may Sweat very plentifully, the only Sure Method of Cure.

Here follows, An

Epiſtolatory POEM,

Exhorting *England* to Repentance.

WHilſt Direful Plagues *poſſeſs the ſlothful Air,*
And noiſom Inſects breed Contagion there,
Let England, *ſinful* England's, *Sons be warn'd,*
Nor at th' impending Vengeance unconcern'd.
How juſtly might incens'd Jehovah's Hand
With ſudden Fury ſmite our guilty Land?
His Meſſengers of Death ſurprize us all,
And ſwiftly cruſh us by a general Fall?
But he is pleas'd due Warning us to give,
And calls upon us to repent and live;
Bids us reform, thereby to eſcape his Rage,
Rightly denounc'd againſt th' degenerate Age.
Long have our Sins deſerv'd the dreadful Fate
Felt and deplor'd by Neighbouring Lands of late;
Which, by no ſlow Degrees, advances near,
And cries aloud, Let England *next beware!*
Too long, alas! ſecure in wretched Eaſe,
We've ſcorn'd th' Approaches of this foul Diſeaſe,
Altho' it's Rage, (ſcatt'ring Deſtruction wide,)
Has by our Anceſtors been often try'd.
Not yet thrice Twenty Years are over-paſt,
Since our great City was thereby laid waſte,
On which the raging Peſtilence did ſeize,
And loathſome Death ſtill follow'd the Diſeaſe.

Numbers

Numbers at once expir'd, by Heaps they fall,
Whilſt the Survivors fear the ſolemn Call;
With Minds diſturb'd & rackt with black Diſpair,
And Bodies haraſs'd with continual Care.
The Grave wide-yawning, & the Funeral-Bell
Ringing inceſſant one continued Knell;
Which does thro' every Lane and Street reſound,
Bring forth your Dead! *Ah! Diſmal Sound!*
No Flight can ſave, no Place a Refuge yield;
Nothing can from the fatal Arrows ſhield;
The ſwift Infection, born by the ſea'ching Winds,
The moſt ſecure and cloſe Receſſes finds.
The mournful Parents on their Children caſt
Their watry Eyes; then ſtraitway breath their laſt:
The Children follow. The Wife, with rueful Cries,
Her Huſband's flight bemoans, then falls and dies.
Such dreadful Fate as this France *now bewails;*
The raging Peſt, *from deſolate* Marſeilles,
Reſiſtleſs roams, and o're wide Regions ſpreads:
The deadly Fate each trembling Nation dreads.
Britain! *awake, and ſee thy dang'rous State;*
Behold the threatning Clouds which round thee wait,
Big with impetuous Ire, and ſtretch'd at large,
Ready their rueful Burthen to diſcharge.
By others ſad Experience taught, be wiſe:
Provoke no more the Vengeance of the Skies:
In Time the fatal Difference compoſe,
'Twixt Heav'n and thee, with offer'd Mercy cloſe.
The Plague of Sin, firſt let us ſtrive to flee,
(The woeful Cauſe of all our Miſery:)
And with bold Reſolution we may brave
The tainting Peſtilence, and devouring Grave.

FINIS.

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